

Published every Wednesday, by J. E. WENK. Office in Smeabugh & Co's Building, 1111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

FOREST REPUBLICAN

VOL. XXX. NO. 23. TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 22, 1897. \$1.00 PER ANNUM.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Table with advertising rates: One Square, one inch, one insertion \$ 1.00; One Square, one inch, one month \$ 5.00; One Square, one inch, three months \$ 10.00; One Square, one inch, one year \$ 35.00; Two Squares, one year \$ 65.00; Quarter Column, one year \$ 25.00; Half Column, one year \$ 45.00; One Column, one year \$ 100.00; Local advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.

Most Kansas counties pay a bounty on wolves killed. Yet wolves in that State have in a year killed only 1150 sheep, according to statistics collected by a member of the State Board of Agriculture, while the 135,570 dogs owned there have killed 1294 sheep.

Russia will have a new labor law after January 1. The working day is fixed at a maximum of eleven and a half hours; for Saturdays and the days preceding holidays it is ten hours, and on Sundays and holidays there is to be no work. Workmen who are not Christians will not be compelled to work on the days held sacred by their sects. For night work eight hours will constitute a day's work.

Elwood S. Leary, a lawyer of Newark, N. J., will be a model husband if he keeps the pledge he has taken, prohibits the New York Press. He had to choose between it and a suit for divorce. He promises to cease absolutely the use of spirituous and malt liquors of every description; to spend his evenings in his wife's company at home or elsewhere, at her pleasure, and to give to her all the money he earns.

Bicycles are not yet very common in Spain. The authors of "Sketches A-wheel in Modern Iberia" were constantly frightening animals and angering their owners; in one case a murderous assault by a drunken driver was narrowly averted. The writers comment on the noisiness of Spanish towns, the badness of country roads, the beauties of the scenery, and so forth. Postal affairs do not seem to improve at all. The writers mailed from Granada seven small articles to the post in other countries, and only one of them reached its destination; and this was but a sample of their experiences.

The New York Herald remarks: Science is at work on some difficult matters, and up to date it has made a good record as a miracle worker. We are living in an exceptional epoch and the word impossible will very soon be expunged from the dictionary. Tesla tells us that he can telegraph without wires. He has been at work on the problem for a long while and has at last solved it. We are on the threshold of great changes, and every man who didn't die fifty years ago ought to shake hands with himself. There are two puzzles which remain. Somebody must discover the secret of the fish's tail, which puts our best propeller to shame as a sort of stage coach affair, and then we shall have rapid transit across the ocean with a vengeance. Some one else must find the secret of the bird's wing, and then we shall have air ships for passengers and merchandise. When we have made these two discoveries and applied them we shall look for the millennium.

David R. Brackett, who recently returned to his old home in Portland, Me., after a residence of many years in Alaska, claims that he is the man who found the first nugget of gold in what is now known all over the world as the Klondike region. Brackett went to Alaska in 1877, and for a long time divided his energies between running a sawmill at Sitka and buying furs of the Indians. To carry on the latter industry he made long trips into the interior on foot, and in the course of them he kept open an attentive but not very hopeful eye for signs of gold. "It was while on one of these journeys in 1879," he says, "that I found the nugget. I had crossed the great backbone of the Alaskan mountain range and traversed the valley where Circle City, Fort Cudahy, Dawson City and Fort Belknap have since been built. One day I camped on the ledges above what I am sure is now called Bonanza Creek. Two of my Indian guides came in with furs at 10 o'clock that night, and I traded with them. Then, as it was still light, I walked down to the mouth of the creek, and there I picked up a stone which had gold in it. I looked around for more, but not finding any, I put the stone in my pouch and did not think much more about the matter. Later, at Sitka, I showed the nugget to an old miner, who offered me \$75 for it. I took the money, but wouldn't tell where I found the gold. I went up the Yukon in 1881 and tried to locate my creek again, but failed. Clarence Berry, of Fresno, Cal., went up the river in 1890, and, I suppose, located near Klondike and Bonanza Creek. He and Frank Plisicator, but I have always claimed that I picked up the first nugget on Bonanza Creek." Brackett declares that the mountains on the American side of the line are the real backbone of the range, and that all the creeks and tributaries of the Yukon River are full of gold. There, he thinks, is the real source of the gold streak that reaches down through California.

THE LITTLE ONE AWAY.

World ain't like it used to be—colder skies in May; Summer ain't so sweet to me; The little one away! Wish the birds singing could reach the ones that roam; Wish the sweet bells ringing could ring in my darling home!

RHODY KIRBY.

THINK fate must have decreed it. One day I wrote thus: LET-A frame cottage, containing nine rooms, subdivided into parlor, reception and dining room, library, kitchen and four bed chambers, with broad bath. The house is situated by a veranda and situated in a grove of about three acres extent. Well and cistern on the premises; stable and outhouses. Three squares to station and about half a mile to electric car line, now in course of construction, and which will pass close. Rent \$50 per month. Apply on the premises, Clover-lyde, St. Louis County.

I am not a college-bred man, just a plain "readin' writin' rithmetic" sort of a mortal, not given to beating about the bush, but trying with all my heart to speak and write so as to be plainly understood. And so, when, after writing this advertisement, I looked it over, it seemed to express in a fairly intelligent way the desire that moved me to its composition and the subsequent expenditure of coin necessary to secure its publication in the Republic. I desired to secure a tenant for my property. The premises and the location were described with sufficient attention to detail and accuracy to enable the reader to arrive at a decision as to whether that was such a place as he or she might have in view for residential purposes. The rental was set out as distinctly as my knowledge of the English language would permit me to state in words or figures. These preliminaries disposed of, there remained for me nothing to do but reflect upon the bereavement by which I, a confirmed bachelor, found myself in possession of something for which I had no earthly use, and to trust to the power of the press for a measure of assistance in the preservation of that possession or its disposition in a manner satisfactory to me—a financial and personal standpoint.

It was plain that city raised as I had been I could not reside contentedly in such a place. I was ignorant of the management of a house or the control and guidance of a corps of servants. The location was against my taking up my abode there. It was too retired and quiet, decidedly. The ten days I had spent there while the carpenters, painters and decorators were putting the place in shape, were the most lonesome and dismal in all my experience. The nearest neighbor was about two blocks distant, but had been next door to it would not have relieved the isolation, for he and his family extinguished the lights and retired at 9 o'clock, "leaving the world to darkness and to me."

In an old-fashioned rocker I would sit for hours, my reverie only disturbed by the rattle and roar of a passing train and the accompanying bark of every dog on the circuit, these dying away and intensifying the solitude and loneliness.

I have stated that I was a plain-speaking man and a plain-writing one. Perhaps, in the interest of truth, I should qualify that statement by adding that I thought I was until the results of my rushing into the want columns of a metropolitan newspaper disabused my mind of the idea. My appeal to house hunters met with a generous response. They came singly, in pairs and quartets, in crowds. Every train bore a delegation of them. Not all house-hunters are demoted, not by any manner of means. But a goodly percentage of those who favored Cloverlyde with their presence on that beautiful Sunday just a year ago to-day were, I am bound to think, weak-minded. Either this, or there was a gigantic conspiracy among the guild to harass and annoy me, and thus add to the embarrassment of the predicament in which I found myself through this sudden acquisition of landed property. To particularize: The first person to call was a pudgy, red-faced gentleman, who, after he had loitered up the hill and relieved himself of a snuff or two, requested to be shown over the place. When we had returned from the inspection my caller protested that there was no sewer connection.

How under the shining sun there should be such a thing with the nearest sewer five miles away is beyond my feeble comprehension, but that he did expect it and came out there purposely to realize his expectations, the manner in which he mopped his bald head and grunted left no margin for doubt. As he bade me good day and waddled down the hill to take the next train cityward I fancied I could detect phantom sewer connections in the heated atmosphere above his head. The next train landed half a dozen cranks, who jostled each other in their anxiety to reach me. As they wedged their way through the gate and along the gravel walk there was fire in their eyes.

Another tour of inspection and then the jargon commenced. An old fellow in glasses expressed his astonishment made my debut as a landlord. There was a noticeable improvement in the appearance of the place. The grounds looked clean, and flower beds at odd places and bordering the walk, gave evidence of womanly attention. The house wore a home-like, hospitable air, and just where I had left it sat the old bachelor. These things I noticed at that first call, a brief one. Subsequent visits gave opportunity for more extended observations, which only emphasized my first impression that a model housekeeper was directing matters in a certain habitation in Cloverlyde. Gradually I became conscious that a change had taken place in myself.

Town life was fast losing its attractiveness; my thoughts turned with an indefinable longing to woods crowning the mountains, whose leafy branches the Southern breezes played, to rivulets springing from groves, playing along the slopes awfully, prattling into groves again and dancing away in the shaded distance. And I philosophized, too. No man is a bachelor from choice. Either his lonely condition is a case of it-might-have-been, or he has not yet looked into eyes that have answered his heart. Love is magnetism. The eyes have it. When the ordained eyes met, then and there the bachelor ceases to exist and one more township is added to Paradise. I made this discovery when my eyes met those of Rhody Kirby, and though I have looked into those same dear eyes thousands of times, and though they have been my inspiration, my very life, yet to save me from perdition I cannot describe them. I know the regal rose, the modest violet, the loyal sunflower, but to attempt a description of either would be a task entirely beyond me. And so with Rhody's eyes. I only know they are the most beautiful this side the shining stars, that she herself fills up the gracious mold of modesty and that I am desperately in love. But I anticipate a little.

made my debut as a landlord. There was a noticeable improvement in the appearance of the place. The grounds looked clean, and flower beds at odd places and bordering the walk, gave evidence of womanly attention. The house wore a home-like, hospitable air, and just where I had left it sat the old bachelor. These things I noticed at that first call, a brief one. Subsequent visits gave opportunity for more extended observations, which only emphasized my first impression that a model housekeeper was directing matters in a certain habitation in Cloverlyde. Gradually I became conscious that a change had taken place in myself.

Town life was fast losing its attractiveness; my thoughts turned with an indefinable longing to woods crowning the mountains, whose leafy branches the Southern breezes played, to rivulets springing from groves, playing along the slopes awfully, prattling into groves again and dancing away in the shaded distance. And I philosophized, too. No man is a bachelor from choice. Either his lonely condition is a case of it-might-have-been, or he has not yet looked into eyes that have answered his heart. Love is magnetism. The eyes have it. When the ordained eyes met, then and there the bachelor ceases to exist and one more township is added to Paradise. I made this discovery when my eyes met those of Rhody Kirby, and though I have looked into those same dear eyes thousands of times, and though they have been my inspiration, my very life, yet to save me from perdition I cannot describe them. I know the regal rose, the modest violet, the loyal sunflower, but to attempt a description of either would be a task entirely beyond me. And so with Rhody's eyes. I only know they are the most beautiful this side the shining stars, that she herself fills up the gracious mold of modesty and that I am desperately in love. But I anticipate a little.

I developed an extraordinary interest in my property in Cloverlyde, so that it was not unusual for me to drive out there every week. My pretext was that the place needed looking after, the fences and buildings requiring a deal of attention to save them from falling into decay. Miss Rhody was my companion over the grounds, making the place of my visit. I have discovered that it is possible for a woman to possess sense without vanity, and beauty without affectation. I had taken her hand in mine while I spoke. "May I ask you to take this place and with it me into your dear keeping for life?"

She was a sensible woman. Observation had impressed me with that idea, and my numerous visits confirmed that impression. "I cannot pretend to indifference," she said, "and therefore own that what you tell me makes me extremely happy." That settled it. I was in an ecstasy of joy. Did I kiss her? I am a man given to plain speaking, plain writing. I did. Could I have done otherwise? She said other things; so did I, but it is not necessary to repeat them here. She is to-day the owner of the place in Cloverlyde, with all the appurtenances thereto belonging, including myself, and as I sit in the old rocker on the veranda and write these lines, I am the happiest man on the whizzing ball.—St. Louis Republic.

How Stolen Rice Thrived. Senator Vest recently told this story of the origin of South Carolina's greatest industry: "Jefferson, while Minister to France, visited Italy, and, finding there a very superior quality of rice, filled the pockets of his Virginia overcoat, the old-fashioned Virginia coat, with caps to it, which our grandfathers wore—with it, and—to use plain language, smuggled it out of the country. He carried it to Paris, put it up in small packages of five and ten grains, and sent it to Charleston, S. C., and that was the basis of the South Carolina rice, the finest now in the world."

Martin Luther's Body. It has recently been ascertained that the body of Martin Luther, contrary to general belief, was never removed from the palace church at Wittenberg, where it lies seven or eight feet below the floor of the nave, in a coffin of wood lined with tin. Close by is the coffin of Luther's friend and associate, Melancthon.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Buzz—Self Denial—Two Ways of Getting a Focus—A Case of Squatters—Monk or Monkey?—An Eye Witness—Children of the Century—Only a Hint.

Woman's Way. Ted—"She said her age was twenty-two. What do you think of that?" Ned—"I should call it an age of deception."—Judge.

A Case of Squatter. "Take away woman?" asks a writer, "and what would follow?" We would. Give us a harder one next time.—Texas Siftings.

An Eye Witness. "Have you any witness to this assault on you?" asked the Judge. "Yes, Judge. I was there myself," answered Hans.—Fliegende Blaetter.

A Legal Count. She—"The Count, you know, can trace his family back 800 years." He—"Ah, through the bankruptcy court records, I suppose."—Texas Siftings.

The Rules of Rules. "I thought you said Smithson wanted to be elected exalted ruler?" "So he did, but his wife told him he must give up going to the lodge."—Judge.

Self Denial. "Going to your mother-in-law's funeral, old man?" "No. Business comes before pleasure with me every time!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

A Promising Lad. Clergyman—"My boy, do you know it's wicked to fish on the Sabbath?" Youngster—"I ain't fishing; I'm teaching this 'ere worm ter swim."—Indianapolis Journal.

Two Ways of Getting a Focus. Friend—"You are so dreadfully cross-eyed I don't see how you can shoot straight." Cross-Eyed Sportsman—"I fire both barrels at once."—Judge.

Monk or Monkey? Cholly Ricketts (tragically)—"Refuse me, dearest, and I shall enter a monastery and be a monk." Maudie Summerfield—"Monastery? Don't you mean a menagerie?"—Puck.

Children of the Century. Mrs. Tansup—"I am so glad that you are engaged to Harold Willoughby. Was it a long courtship?" Miss Skidmore—"Not very. My cyclometer registered about 100 miles."—Judge.

Correct. Teacher—"A rich man dies and leaves a million dollars—one-fifth to his son, one-sixth to his daughter, one-seventh to his wife, one-eighth to his brother and the rest to foreign missions—what does each one get?" Little Willie Briefs—"A lawyer."—Puck.

Only a Hint. Mr. Gotros—"What would you expect me to do for my daughter if you married her?" Georgie Goodthing (slightly embarrassed)—"You—er—wouldn't be willing to die for her would you?"—Judge.

She Was Willing. He—"Will you marry me?" She—"No. I'm not a clergyman." He—"Well, will you permit a clergyman to marry us?" She—"Yes, you to somebody else, and me to—well—somebody else."—Boston Traveller.

True Musical Instinct. Reilly—"Couplings is a fireman with a true musical instinct." McCarthy—"I didn't know he had any talent in that line." Reilly—"Well, he has. When the music store burned yesterday Couplings played on six pianos all at once."—Judge.

Strict Discipline. Professor—"Why didn't you come when I rang?" Servant—"Because I didn't hear the bell." "Hereafter, when you don't hear the bell you must come and tell me so!" "Yes, Professor."—Looking Ahead.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL

OF 1000 persons only one reaches the age of 100 years, and not more than six that of sixty-five years.

Germany now has electric light in over 1000 postal cars, and Austria is about to adopt the same system. A Frenchman has patented a device whereby passengers may be landed in safety from railway trains running at full speed.

Coal tar, when used for dyes, yields sixteen shades of blue, the same number of yellow tints, twelve of orange, nine of violet, and numerous other colors and shades. A method of transporting grain through iron pipes, by means of suction, from distant farms to the seaboard, has been devised by an inventor in Orlando, Fla.

There are snails actually resembling thorns. This species remained for a long time undiscovered, until a close observer saw one of these thorns walking around the branch. The American University, at Washington, is celebrating the completion of the largest reflecting telescope lens in the world. It is wholly American work, and the first of the kind cast in this country.

A German medical paper has received a report from South Africa, saying that experiments have proved that if cattle are inoculated in time with Koch's serum, ninety to ninety-seven per cent. of the animals can be saved from the plague. Scarlet seems to be the color most conspicuous in bright sunshine, and scarlet flowers are commonest in dry and sunny climates, where their color gives them an advantage in their struggle with other flowers for the attentions of butterflies and other pollen bearers.

A microscopic examination of mother of pearl shows the shell to be made up of very fine lines so closely put together that the white light is broken up into its prismatic colors, and we get the so-called "play of colors." Taking a careful cast of such a shell the wax cast will yield the same prismatic effects.

A new electric invention is a simple device by which an electrical current of high potential can be uniformly decreased in volume or strength, or both, at the will of the operator. The instrument or apparatus is in the nature of a rheostat, and can be used wherever a graded current is desired.—Electricity.

An eminent physician states that typhoid fever can be washed out of the system by water. He gives his patients what would amount to eight or ten ounces an hour of sterilized water. In cases of cholera, where the system secretes a large amount of fluid, enormous quantities of hot water are of great benefit.

The Mazamas. The many accidents that have overtaken mountain-climbers in the Alps have never had an effect permanently detrimental to mountain-climbing as a sport, and probably the serious accidents—in one case fatal—that have this year befallen the climbers of Mount Rainier will not discourage the Mazamas, though it may induce the exercise of greater precaution. The Mazamas constitute a society, made up chiefly of dwellers on the Pacific coast, whose special pleasure it is to scale and explore the great mountains of the Northwest. The society was organized in July, 1894, on the summit of Mount Hood, by 192 persons, who climbed 11,225 feet to attend its first meeting. The next year parties of Mazamas ascended Mounts Hood, Baker, Adams, Rainier, and Jefferson. Last year the club made an excursion to Crater Lake, in Oregon, and this year its attentions have been largely concentrated on Mount Rainier. On Tuesday, July 27, Professor Edgar McClure, an experienced mountaineer and a leader of the Mazamas, lost his life by a fall. The next evening two other climbers fell into a crevasse. One made his own way out; the other was rescued with difficulty. An idea of the quality of the sport that Mount Rainier affords this year is to be gathered from the information that the face of the mountain, for a mile down from its summit, is a continuous sheet of ice, in which steps have to be cut by climbers. The mountain is 14,450 feet high, and 10,000 feet of its elevation is covered with perpetual snow.—Harper's Weekly.

The Sunflower and Malaria. "The supposition that the sunflower would absorb malaria has long since passed away," explained a health officer physician to a Star reporter, "though there is no doubt that there was some good connected with it. At one time, many years ago, there was an idea prevalent that there was considerable malaria about the old naval observatory. Some of the professors were told that in South America and other countries where malaria was supposed to abound, that the sunflower was regarded as a preventive, and they ordered a quantity of the seed. The flowers, as many of our older residents will remember, were grown about the observatory in great profusion for their hygienic advantages. There was no harm done by the growth of this flower, for it crowded out certain plants and weeds which were by no means as beautiful or as valuable in any respect. The naval observatory is therefore the original home of the sunflower in this country, and it is entitled to the credit of bringing it here. Whether it absorbs malaria or not, it is certain that it beautifies waste places. The flowers which grow along the banks of Hook Creek, within sight of the cable-car bridge, were originally planted there over twenty years ago, and they have been coming up regularly since."—Washington Star.

New Navy Cap. The new cap adopted by the Navy Department for officers of the service has met with much criticism. The change of uniform is regarded as entirely in the interest of the military tailors of the country. One great objection to the cap is that across its visor is attached a greater or less amount of gold braid, the quantity and design depending upon the rank of the wearer.

The Dog Turned Tail. When W. C. Woodward, of Barnard, Vt., went after his cows and set his dog at them the whole herd of seven-lowered horns. The dog turned tail and ran toward its master. Mr. Woodward was knocked down and all the cows ran over him, but he was stepped on only once on each leg.—New York Sun.

SONG.

Although you are in your shining day, And the tongues of the crowd And of new friends are glad with you

Do not unkind or proud, But think of your old friends the most; Time's bitter food will rise, And your high bench will all be lost For all eyes but those eyes.—W. B. Yeats, in the Saturday Review.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Suspicious.—Isaac—"Haf a cigar, Cohen?" Cohen—"What's the matter mit it?"—Truth.

What would you advise me to do to become worth my weight in gold? "Well, you might try anti-fat."—Truth.

Minnie—"Sadie has another new admirer." Mamie—"New ones are the only admirers she has."—Indianapolis Journal.

Orator—"What has become of the famed American statesmanship?" Auditor—"Lost in the push for office."—Philadelphia North American.

"My little sister is the best baby you ever saw. She sleeps twenty-four hours every day." "Huh! our 'naps sleep twenty-six."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"The good die young," said the casual caller, apropos of any old thing. "They may if they are chickens," said the editor, "but if they are jokes they do not."—Truth.

"What do you regard as the most important event of the century?" asked the philosopher. "Well," answered the wheelman, "the flush is about as satisfactory as any part of the run."—Truth.

"Well, little girl, what is it?" "If you please, sir, Mr. Stimmer will not be able to come down this morning. He's just got back from a two weeks' rest in the country, and he's all tired out."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

She—"You are just like all the men; you would not admit that you ever made a mistake, to save your life!" He—"As if I hadn't told you time and time again that the mistake of my life was in marrying you."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Englishman—"Some of our English girls are quite expert with the gun, don't you know. Lady Eva Wyndham Linn shot six man-eating tigers in India. American Girl—"Did they were eating nice men who did just right."—New York Weekly.

Miss Della Creme (wearily)—"I know everything we eat is adulterated; but what can we do, Reginald? We must trust our grocer." Mr. Reginald Creme (drearily)—"Ah, yes, Della, very true; and if—oh—if our grocer would only trust us!"—Tit-Bits.

"I thought you advertised home fare!" said the boarder indignantly. "Wall," replied Farmer Courtsoff, "that's what you're gettin'; canned peaches, canned tomatoes, canned cornbeef, and condensed milk, the same as you're used to."—Washington Star.

"Oh, do look at that dear little lamb!" said Frank, on seeing a young lamb for the first time in her life. "Isn't it pretty?" asked mamma. "Yes; and it is so natural, too. It squeaks just like a toy lamb, and has the same sort of wool on its back."—Judge.

Hasbeen (laying down his paper)—"I have just been reading that alcohol will remove grass stains from the most delicate fabric." Mrs. Hasbeen (severely)—"There you go again, Jason, trying to find some excuse! Just remember that you have no grass stains in your stomach."—Puck.

"It won't be long," said the man who loves to talk science at the table, "before all our engines and that sort of thing will be run by the heat of the sun." "But," asked his wife, "if they go to using up the heat of the sun that way, won't it make the weather too cold to grow crops?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.